AJAX

HIS

SPEECH

TO THE

GRECIAN KNABBS,

From OVID's Metam. LIB. XIII.

nſedere duces: et, vulgi ſtante corona, etc.

Attempted in broad BUCHANS.

To which are added

JOURNAL to PORTSMOUTH,

And a SHOP-BILL,

In the ſame Dialect.

With a KEY.

By Robert Forbes GENT.

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AJAX's SPEECH

TO THE

GRECIAN KNABBS.

THE wight an' doughty Captains a'
Upo their doups ſat down;
A rangel o' the common fouk
In bourachs a' ſtood roun.

AJAX bangs up, faſe targe was ſhught
In ſeven fald o' hide;
An' bein bouden'd up wi' wraith,
Wi' atry face he ey'd

OVID. METAMORPH. LIB. xiii.

CONSEDERE duces: et, vulgi ſtante corona,
Surgit ad hos clypei dominus ſeptemplicis Ajax,
Que erat impatiens irae, Sigeia torvo

The Trojan ſhore, an' a' the barks
That tedder'd faſt did ly
Alang the coaſt; an' raxing out
His gardies, loud did cry:
O Jove! The cauſe we here do plead,
An' unco great's the ſtaik;
Bat ſall that ſleeth Ulysses now
Be ſaid to be my maik?

Ye ken right well, ſan Hector try'd
Thir barks to burn an' ſcowder,
He took to ſpeed o' fit, becauſe
He cou'd na' bide the ewder.

Littora reſpexit, claſſemque in littore, vultu:
Intendenſque manus, Agimus (pro Juppiter!) inquit,
Ante rates cauſſam; et mecum confertur Ulyſſes!
At non Hectoreis dubitavit cedere flammis:

Bat I, like birky, ſtood the brunt,
An' ſlocken'd out that gleed,
Wi' muckle virr, an' ſyne I gar'd
The limmers tak the ſpeed.

Tis better than, the cauſe we try
Wi' the wind o' our wame,
Than for to come in hanny grips
At ſik a driry time.

t threeps I am na' ſae perquire,
Nor auld-farren as he,
t at banes-brakin, it's well kent,
He has na' maughts like me.

uas ego ſuſtinui; quas hac a claſſe fugavi.
utius eſt fictis igitur contendere verbis,
uam pugnare manu. ſed nec mihi dicere promtum;

For as far as I him excel
In toulzies fierce an' ſtrong,
As far in chaft-taak he exceeds
Me, wi' his ſleeked tongue.

My proticks an' my doughty deeds,
O Greeks! I need na' tell,
For ther's nane here bat kens them weel:
Lat him tell his himſel:

Which ay war done at glomin time,
Or dead hour o' the night,
An' deil ane kens except himſel;
For nae man ſaw the ſight.

Nec facere eſt iſti. quantumque ego Marte feroci,
Quantum acie valeo, tantum valet iſte loquendo.
Nec memoranda tamen vobis mea facta, Pelaſgi,
Eſſe reor: vidiſtis enim, ſua narret Ulyſſes,
Quae ſine teſte gerit, quorum nox conſcia ſola eſt.

The ſtaik indeed is unco great,
I will confeſs alway,
Bat, name ULYSSES to it anes,
The worth quite dwines away.

Great as it is, I need na' vouſt;
I'm ſeer I hae nae neef
To get fat cou'd be ettl'd at,
By ſik a menſleſs thief.

Yet routh o' honour he has got,
Ev'n tho he gets the glaik,
Wan he's ſae crous, that he wou'd try
To be brave AJAX' maik.

Praemia magna peti fateor: ſed demit honorem
Aemulus Ajaci. non eſt tenuiſſe ſuperbum,
Sit licet hoc ingens, quidquid ſperavit Ulyſſes.
Iſte tulit pretium jam nunc certaminis hujus;
Quo cum victus erit, mecum certaſſe feretur.

But gin my wightneſs doubted war,
I wat my gentle bleed,
As being ſin to TELAMON,
Right ſickerly does plead:

Fa, under doughty HERCULES,
Great Troy's walls down hurl'd,
An' in a tight Theſſalian bark
To Colchos' harbour ſwirl'd.

An' ÆACUS my gutcher was,
Fa now in hell ſits jidge,
Fare a ſun-ſtane does SISYPHUS
Down to the yerd ſair gnidge.

Atque ego, ſi virtus in me dubitabilis eſſet,
Nobilitate potens eſſem, Telamone creatus:
Moenia qui forti Trojana ſub Hercule cepit:
Littoraque intravit Pagaſaea Colcha carina.
Aeacus huic pater eſt: qui jura ſilentibus illic
Reddit, ubi Aeoliden ſaxum grave Siſyphon urget.

reat Jove himſel owns Æacus

To be his ain dear boy,

n' ſyne, without a' doubt, I am

The neiſt chiel to his oye.

at thus in counting o' my etion

I need na' mak ſik din,

or it's well kent Achilles was

My father's brither ſin:

n' as we're couſins, there's nae ſcouth,

To be in ony ſwidders;

only ſeek fat is my due,

I mean fat was my brither's.

---

acon agnoſcit ſummus, prolemque fatetur

ppiter eſſe ſuam. ſic ab Jove tertius Ajax.

ec tamen haec ſeries in cauſſa proſit, Achivi;

mihi cum magno non eſt communis Achille.

rater erat: fraterna peto. quid ſanguine cretus

Bat why a thief, like SISYPHUS,
That's nidder'd ſae in hell,
Sud here tak fittininment,
Is mair na' I can tell.

Sall then theſe arms be deny'd
To me, fa in this bruilzie
Was the firſt man that drew my durk,
Came ſlaught-bred to the toulzie?

An' ſall this ſleeth come farrer ben,
Fa was ſae dev'liſh ſurly,
He ſcarce wou'd gae a fit frae hame,
An' o' us a' was hurly?

Siſyphio, furtiſque, et fraude ſimillimus illi,
Inſerit Aeacidis alienae nomina gentis?
An quod in arma prior, nulloque ſub indice veni,
Arma neganda mihi? potiorque videbitur ille,
Ultima qui cepit; detrectavitque furore

A' frae the weir he did back hap,
An' turn'd to us his fud;
An' gar'd the hale-ware o' us trow
That he was gane clean wod.

Until the ſin o' NAUPLIUS,
Nair uſeleſs na' himſel,
His houckry-pauckry finding out,
The weir did him compel.

Learn him than now tak will an' wile,
Ye nane at firſt wou'd wear,
An' get baith the ſkaith an' ſcorn,
Wi' win'd o' my brither's gear!

Quem fiƈto: donec ſolertior iſto,
Quo inutilior, timidi commenta retexit
Fraudes animi, vitataque traxit in arma?
Quem nunc ſumat, qui ſumere noluit ulla.
Quos honorati, et donis patruelibus orbi,

Becauſe I was the foremaiſt man,
An' ſteed the hetteſt fire,
Juſt like the man that aught the cow,
Gade deepeſt i' the mire.

I wiſh the chiel he had been wod,
Or that it had been trow'd;
That mither o' miſchief had not
To Troy's town been row'd.

Syne PÆAN's ſon, thou'd not been left
On Lemnos' iſle to ſkirle,
Fare now thy granes in dowy dens
The yerd-faſt ſtanes do thirle:

Obtulimus qui nos ad prima pericula, ſimus.
Atque utinam aut verus furor ille, aut creditus, eſſet;
Nec comes hic Phrygias unquam veniſſet ad arces
Hortator ſcelerum! non te, Poeantia proles,
Expoſitum Lemnos noſtro cum crimine haberet.
Qui nunc (ut memorant) ſilveſtribus abditus antris

n' on that ſleeth ULYSSES' head
Sad curſes down does bicker,
f there be gods aboon, I'm ſeer
He'll get them leel and ſicker.

his doughty lad he was reſolv'd
Wi' me his fate to try,
Vi' poiſon'd ſtewgs o' HERCULES,
Bat 'las! his bleed wis fey.

Vi' ſickneſs now he's ferter like,
Or like a water-wraith,
n' hirplin after the wil birds,
Can ſcarce get meat an' claith.

a moves gemitu, Laertiadaeque precaris,
ae meruit: quae Di, Di dent non vana preceris,
nunc ille eadem nobis juratus in arma,
eu!) pars una ducum, quo ſucceſſore ſagittae
rculis utuntur, fractus morboque, fameque,
laturque aliturque avibus; volucreſque petendo

An' now theſe darts that weerded were
To tak the town o' Troy,
To get meat for his gabb, he man
Againſt the birds employ.

Yet he's alive, altho to gang
Wi' him he was fu' laith;
If PALAMEDE had been ſae wiſe,
He had been free frae ſkaith:

For he'd been livin ti' this day,
An' ſlept in a hale ſkin,
An' gotten fair play for his life,
An' ſtan'd he had nae been.

Debita Trojanis exercet ſpicula fatis.
Ille tamen vivit, quia non comitavit Ulyſſem.
Mallet et infelix Palamedes eſſe relictus.
Viveret; aut certe letum ſine crimine haberet.

cauſe he prov'd he was nae wod,
He was ſae fu' o' fraud,
e ſlack'd na' till he gat the life
O' this poor ſakeleſs lad.

r to the Grecians he did ſwear,
He had ſae great envy,
hat goud in goupens he had got,
The army to betray.

' wi' miſchief he was ſae gnib,
To get his ill intent,
howk'd the goud which he himſel
Had yerded in his tent.

em, male convicti nimium memor iſte furoris,
dere rem Danaam finxit: fictumque probavit
men. et oſtendit, quod jam praefoderat, aurum

Thus wi' uncanny pranks he fights,
An' ſae he did beguile,
An' twin'd us o' our kneefeſt men,
By death and by exile.

Altho' mair gabby he may be
Than NESTOR wiſe and true,
Yet few will ſay, it was nae fau't
That he did him furhow.

Fan his poor glyde was ſae miſchiev'd,
He'd neither ca' nor drive,
The lyart lad, wi' years ſair dwang'd,
The traitor thief did leave.

Ergo aut exſilio vires ſubduxit Achivis,
Aut nece. ſic pugnat, ſic eſt metuendus, Ulyſſes.
Qui, licet eloquio fidum quoque Neſtora vincat,
Haud tamen efficiet, deſertum ut Neſtora crimen
Eſſe rear nullum. qui, cum imploraret Ulyſſem,
Vulnere tardus equi, feſſuſque ſenilibus annis,

hese are nae threeps o' mine, right well
Kens DIOMEDE the wight,
a' wi' ſnell words him ſair did ſnib,
An' bann'd his cowardly flight.

he gods tho look on mortal men
Wi' eyn baith juſt and gleg;
o he, fa NESTOR wou'd nae help,
For help himſel does beg!

han as he did the auld man leave
Amon' ſae fierce a menzie,
he law he made, lat him be paid
Back juſt in his ain cuinzie.

oditus a ſocio eſt. non haec mihi crimina fingi
t bene Tydides: qui nomine ſaepe vocatum
orripuit; trepidoque fugam exprobravit amico.
dſpiciunt oculis ſuperi mortalia juſtis.
eget auxilio, qui non tulit: utque reliquit,
c linquendus erat. legem ſibi dixerat ipſe.

Yet ſan he cry'd, O neipers help!
I ran to tak his part,
He look'd ſae haw as gin a dwame
Had juſt o'ercaſt his heart.

For they had gi'en him ſik a fleg,
He look'd as he'd been doited,
For ilka' limb an' lith o' him
'Gainſt ane anithir knoited.

Syne wi' my targe I cover'd him,
Fan on the yerd he lies,
An' ſav'd his ſmeerleſs ſaul, I think,
'Tis little to my praiſe.

Conclamat ſocios. adſum; videoque trementem,
Pallentemque metu, ac trepidantem morte futura.
Oppoſui molem clypei; texique jacentem;
Servavique animam (minimum eſt hic landis) inertem.

at gin wi' Batie ye will bourd,
Come back, lad, to yon place;
at Trojans an' your wonted fears
Stand glourin i' your face:

yne ſlouch behind my doughty targe,
That yon day your head happit;
here fight your fill, ſin' ye are grown
Sae unco crous an' cappit.

n I came to him, wi' ſad wound
He had nae maughts to gang,
t fan he ſaw that he was ſafe,
Right ſouple cou'd he ſpang.

perſtas certare, locum redeamus in illum:
dde hoſtem, vulnuſque tuum, ſolitumque timorem:
ſt clypeumque late, et mecum contende ſub illo.
poſtquam eripui; cui ſtandi vulnera vires
on dederant, nullo tardatus vulnere fugit.

Lo! HECTOR to the toulzie came,
An' gods baith fierce an' grim,
He flegged ſtarker fouk na' you,
Sae ſair they dreaded him.

Yet as he did o' ſlaughter vouſt,
I len'd him ſik a dird,
As laid him arſelins on his back,
To wamble o' the yerd.

Fan he ſpang'd out, rampag'd an' ſaid
That nane amon' us a'
Durſt venture out upo the lone,
Wi' him to ſhak a fa';

Hector adeſt: ſecumque Deos in praelia ducit.
Quaque ruit, non tu tantum terreris, Ulyſſe;
Sed fortes etiam: tantum trahit ille timoris.
Hunc ego ſanguineae ſucceſſu caedis ovantem
Cominus ingenti reſupinum pondere fudi.
Hunc ego poſcentem, cum quo concurreret, unus

dacker'd wi' him by myſel,
Ye wiſh't it to my kavel,
n' gin ye ſpeer fa got the day,
We parted on a nevel.

o! Trojans fetch baith fire an' ſword
Amo' the Grecian barks:
are's eloquent ULYSSES now,
Wi' a' his wily cracks?

han a thouſand ſhips did ſave,
An' muckle danger thol'd;
in they'ad brunt, deil ane had ſeen
The land fare he was foal'd.

ſtinui: ſortemque meam voviſtis, Achivi:
veſtrae valuere preces. ſi quaeritis hujus
rtunam pugnae; non ſum ſuperatus ab illo.
ce ferunt Troes ferrumque, ignemque, Jovemque
Danaas claſſes, ubi nunc facundus Ulyſſes?
mpe ego mille meo protexi pectore puppes,
m veſtri reditus. date tot pro navibus arma.

Bat gin the truth I now durſt tell,
I think the honour's mair
To them, than fat it is to me,
Tho' they come to my ſkair:
At leaſt the honour equal is;
Than fat needs a' this din;
For AJAX them he does na' ſeek,
Sae ſair as they do him.

Than lat ULYSSES now compare
RHÆSUS an' maughtleſs DOLON,
An' PRIAM's ſon, an' PALLAS phizz
That i' the night was ſtoln.

Quod ſi vera licet mihi dicere; quaeritur iſtis,
Quam mihi, major honos: conjunctaque gloria noſtra eſt.
Atque Ajax armis, non Ajaci arma petuntur.
Conferat his Ithacus Rheſum, imbellemque Dolona,
Priamidenque Helenum rapta cum Pallade captum.

For deil be-licket has he done,
Fan it was fair-fuir days;
Nor without gaucy DIOMEDE,
Fa was his guide always.

Rather na' gi' him this propine,
For deeds that feckleſs are,
Divide them, and lat DIOMEDE
Come in for the beſt ſhare.

Bat fat uſe will they be to him,
Fa in hudge mudge wi' wiles,
Without a gully in his hand,
The ſmeerleſs fae beguiles?

Luce nihil geſtum, nihil eſt Diomede remoto:
Si ſemel iſta datis meritis tam vilibus arma;
Dividite: et major pars ſit Diomedis in illis.
Quo tamen haec Ithaco? qui clam, qui ſemper inermis
Rem gerit; et furtis incantum decipit hoſtem?

The gouden helmet will ſae glance,
An blink wi' ſkyrin brinns,
That a' his wimples they'll find out
Fan i' the mark he ſheens.

Bat his weak head nae farrach has
That helmet for to bear,
Nor has he mergh intil his banes,
To wield ACHILLES' ſpear:

Nor his bra targe, on which is ſeen
The yerd, the ſun, and lift,
Can well agree wi' his cair cleuck,
That cleckit was for thift.

Ipſe nitor galeae, claro radiantis ab auro,
Inſidias prodet, manifeſtabitque latentem.
Sed neque Dulichius ſub Achillis caſſide vertex
Pondera tanta feret. nec non oneroſa graviſque
Pelias eſſe poteſt imbellibus haſta lacertis.
Nec clypeus, vaſti caelatus imagine mundi,
Conveniet timidae, nataeque ad furta ſiniſtrae.

'at gars you than, miſchievous tyke!
For this propine to prig,
That your ſma banes wou'd langel ſair,
They are ſae unco big?

n' gin the Greeks ſud be ſae blind,
As gi' you ſik a gift,
The Trojan lads right ſoon wou'd dight
You like a futtle haft.

n' as you ay by ſpeed o' fit
Perform ilk' doughty deed,
an laggert wi' this boukſome graith,
You will tyne half your ſpeed.

ebilitaturum quid te petis, improbe, munus?
uod tibi ſi populi donaverit error Achivi;
ur ſpolieris, erit; non, cur metuaris ab hoſte.
t fuga (qua ſola cunctos, timidiſſime, vincis)
arda futura tibi eſt, geſtamina tanta trahenti.

Beſides your targe, in battle keen,
Bat little danger tholes,
While mine wi' mony a thudd is clour'd,
An' thirl'd ſair wi' holes.

Bat now, fat need's for a' this din?
Lat deeds o' words tak' place,
An lat your ſtoutneſs now be try'd,
Juſt here before your face.

Lat the arms of ACHILLES brave
Amon' our faes be laid,
An' the firſt chiel that brings them back,
Lat him wi' them be clad.

Adde, quod iſte tuus, tam raro praelia paſſus,
Integer eſt clypeus. noſtro, qui tela ferendo
Mille patet plagis, novus eſt ſucceſſor habendus.
Denique, quid verbis opus eſt? ſpectemur agendo:
Arma viri fortis medios mittantur in hoſtes;
Inde jubete peti: et referentem ornate relatis.

THE END.

A

JOURNAL

FROM

LONDON to PORTSMOUTH.

SIR,

I Wou'd hae written you lang 'ere now, bat I hae been ſae eident writin journals that I hae been quite forfoughen wi' them: bat diel ane has glacked my mitten for as ſair as I hae been nidder'd wi' them. Fouſomever, ſin we're ſpeakin o' journals, I hae been ſae baul as ſen you a ſampler o' mine frae London to Portſmouth. An' firſt an' foremeſt, there was three i' the coach forby me. The firſt was a leiftenant o' a ſhip, a gaucy, ſwack young follow, an' as guid a pint-ale's man as 'ere beeked his fit at the coutchack o' a browſter wife's ingle: he was well wordy o' the gardy-chair itſel, or e'en to ſit ben inno the guidman upo' the beſt bink o' the houſe: I believe an

honeſter follow never brack the nook o' a corter, nor cuttit a fang frae a kebbuck, wi' a futtle that lies i' the quinzie o' the maun oner the cleath.

The ſecond chiel was a thick, ſetterel, ſwown pallach, wi' a great chuller oner his chocks, like an ill ſcraped haggis: he's now gane back to London, an' I'm ſeer, gin ye'll tak the pains to fin him out, an' flay him belly-flaught, his skin wad mak a gallant tulchin for you: bat I canna ſay I had ony cauſe to wiſh the body ill, for he did gaylies confeirin; only he connach'd a hantle o' tobacco; for deil belickit did he the hale gate bat feugh at his pipe; an' he was ſae brouden'd upon't, that he was like to ſmore us i' the coach wi' the very ewder o't: bat yet he was a fine gabby, auld-farren carly, and held us browly out o' langer bi' the rod.

The thrid was an auld, wizen'd, haave colour.ed carlen, a ſad gyſard indeed, an' as baul as ony ettercap: w[illegible] had been at nae great tinſel apieſt we had been quit o' her; for diel a maik to her that e'er you ſaw: for altho you had ſeen her yourſel, you wou'd na' kent fat to mak o' her, unleſs it had been a gyr-carlen, or ſet her up amon a curn air bear to fley awa the [illegible]. I judge ye gin we had na' bony [illegible]

But there was ſomething war na' a' this yet, the diel a drap guid ale cou'd we get upo' the rod. I canna tell you fat diel was the matter wi't, gin the wort was blinket, or fat it was, bat you ne'er ſaw ſik peltry i' your born days; for it taſted ſweet i' your mou, bat fan anes it was down your wizen, it had an ugly knaggim, an 'a wauch wa-gang: an' ſyne the head o't was as yallow as bieſt milk; it was enough to gi' a warſh-ſtamack'd body a ſcunner; bat ye ken well enough that I was never vera ogertfu'. Bat for a that we came browlies o' the rod, till we came within a mile of Godlamin, a little townie upo the rod; an' ſyne on a ſuddenty, our great gillegapous follow o' a coach-man turned o'er our gallant cart amon a heap o' ſhirrels, an' peat-mow, an' flang her upo her bred-ſide i' the gutter. My ſide happen'd to be newmoſt, an' the great hudderen carlen was riding hockerty cockerty upo my ſhouders in a hand-clap: for the wile limmer was ſae dozn'd an' funied wi' cauld, that ſhe [illegible] neither farrach nor maughts; for ſhe tumbled down upo me wi' ſik a reimis, that ſhe gart my [illegible]ad cry knoit upo the coach door. I wat ſhe rais'd a norlick on my crown, that was not well for twa days. By this time the gutters was comin in at the coach door galore, an' I was lyin tawin an' wamlin under

lucky-minny like a ſturdy hoggie that had fa'n into a peat-pot, or a ſtirkie that had ſtaver'd into a well-eye. Saul man, I began to think be this time that my diſty-meiller wis near made, an' wad hae gien twice forty pennies to had the gowan oner my feet again; for thinks I, an' the horſe tak a brattle now, they may come to lay up my mittens, an' ding me yavil, an' as ſtyth as gin I had been elf-ſhot. Bat the thing that anger'd me warſt awa, was to be ſae ſair gnidg'd by a chanler-chafted, auld runk carlen; for an it had been a tyddie, cauller, ſwack penny-worth, I might hae chanc'd to get a mens o' her, an' gotten a ride on her agen, gin ſhe had been neiperly. Bat to mak a lang tale ſhort, I gat out oner the wife, an' clam out at t'ither door o' the coach, as gin I had been gain out at the lum o' a houſe that wanted baith crook an' rantle-tree. Saul man, ye may laugh at me fan ye read this, bat I wat it was na' mows, for I was fidgin fain an' unco vokie fan I gat out oner her, for as laggart an' trachel'd as I wis wi' tawin amo' the dubs; I believe gin ye had ſeen me than (for it was juſt i' the glomin) ſtaakin about like a hallen-ſhaker, you wou'd hae taen me for a water-wreath, or ſome gruous ghaiſt. Bat I'm ſeer you wou'd hae laughin ſair, gin ye had ſeen how the auld hag gloffed fan ſhe fell down after I got out oner her; however twa or

three o's winfree'd the wife, an' gat her out.

Fan we wis a' out, the vile tarveal ſleeth o' a coach-man began to yark the peer beaſts ſae, that you wou'd hae hard the ſough o' ilka thudd afore it came down: bat a' this wou'd na' dee; ſometimes the breaſt-woddies, an' ſometimes the theets brak, and the ſwingle-trees flew in flinders, as gin they had been as freugh as kail-caſtacks; ſyne ilka thing gaed widderſins about wi' us. At laſt we, like fierdy follows, flew to't ſtaught-bred, thinkin to raiſe it in a widden-dream; bat ſaul we wis miſtane, for we cou'd na' budge it. At the laſt an' the lang, came up twa-three ſwankies ridin at the hand-gallop, garrin the dubs flee about them like ſpeen-drift; an' they ſeein us tawin an' workin ſae eident, ſpeird fat wis the matter wi' us; for fan they ſaw us a' in a bourach they had ſome allaguſt that ſome miſhanter had beſa'n us. However they wou'd na' take ony fittinniment wi' our buſineſs, till we ſpeerd gin they wou'd lend us a hand to winfree our coach; ſaul the lads wis nae vera driech a-drawin, bat lap in amo' the dubs in a hand-clap. I'm ſeer ſome o' them wat the ſma end o' their moggan: ſyne we laid our heads together, an' at it wi' virr; at laſt, wi' great pechin an' granin, we gat it up with a pingle.

By this time it wis growin mark, an' about the time o' night that the boodies begin to gang, an' as I was in a ſwidder fat to dee, I wou'd na' gang into the coach agen, far fear I ſhou'd hae gotten my harns kleikit out, or ſome o' my banes broken or dung a ſmaſh; on the tither hand I did na' care to ſtilp upo my queets, far fear o' the briganers, an' mair attour, I did na' care to bachle my new ſheen. However the leiftenant an' I ventured on the rod: for ye ken well enough, we, bein wet, wou'd ſoon grow davert to ſtand or ſit either in the cauld that time o' night: an' we coud na' get a chiel to ſhaw us the gate, apuiſt we had kreiſh'd his liv wi a ſhillin. Bat be guid luck we antered browlies upo the rod, an' left the auld gabby carly, an' the hudderen wife, to help the leeth-fu' leepit ſleeth o' a coach-man to yoke his horſe; for mony a time did he bid diel confound him frae neck to heel, or elſe ſheet him ſtyth that he might na' dee o' dwinin. O man, an ye had ſeen how laggert the auld-farren body wis afore he gat the runk carlen hame to our lodgin; wae worth me bat ye wou'd hae hard the peer burſen belchs whoſſin like a horſe i' the ſtrangle, a rigg-lenth e'er you came neer them; an' ſyne the auld wife coruplain'd ſae upon her banes, that you wou'd hae thought ſhe had been in the dead-thraw

in a weaven after ſhe came in. Guid feggs I wis ſley'd that ſhe had taen the wytenon-fa, an' inlakit afore ſipper, far ſhe ſhuddered a' like a klippert in a cauld day.

There happen'd to be i' the houſe we came to lodge in, three young giglet hiſſies, an' they war like to piſh their houghs, ſan they ſaw how blubber'd an' droukit the peer wary-draggels war, ſan they came in; far ye wou'd hae thought that the yerd-meel had been upo' their face. There wis ane o' the queans, I believe, had caſten a lagen-gird. The tither wis a haave colour'd ſmeerleſs tapie, wi' a great haſſick o' hair, hingin in twa-pennerts about her haffats; ſhe looked ſae allagrugous, that a bodie wou'd nae car'd to meddle wi' her, apuiſt they had been hir'd to do't. Bat the thrid wis a cauller, ſwack bit o' beef, as mirkie as maukin at the ſtart, an' as wanton as a ſpenin lamb. I believe ſhe was a leel maiden, an' I canna ſay bat I had a kirnen wi' her, an' a kine o' a harlin favour for her; bat did na' care for bein aur brouden'd upon her at firſt, for fear ſhe ſhou'd ſay that I was new-fangled. However I took her by the bought o' the gardy, an' gar'd her ſit down by me; bat ſhe bad me had aff my hands, for I miſgrugled a' her apron, an' miſmaggl'd a' her cocker-nony. I canna ſay bat I wou'd ha' been

content to hae a night o' her i' the kill-hole, altho I hae nae mair claiſe bat a ſpraing'd faikie, or a riach plaidie to hap our hurdies. Bat I had not ſet her well down by me, till in came ſik a rangel o' gentles, an' a liethry o' hanziel ſlyps at their tail, that in a weaven the houſe wis gain like Lowren-fair; for you wou'd na' hard day nar door; ſyne the queans wis in ſik a firry-farry, that they began to miſca ane anither like kailwives, an' you wou'd hae thought that they wou'd hae flown in ither's witters in a hand-clap. I wis anes gain to ſpeer fat wis the matter, bat I ſaw a curn o' camla-like follows wi' them, an' I thought they war a fremt to me, an' ſae they might act ither, as Towy's hawks did, far ony thing that I car'd; far thinks I, an' I ſhou'd be ſae gnib as middle wi' the thing that did nae brak my teas, ſome o' the chiels might let a raught at me, an' gi' me a clamehewit to ſnib me frae comin that gate agen. At laſt ane o' the hiſſies came an' ſpeerd at me, gin I wou'd hae a bit o' a roaſted grycie, or a bit o' a bacon haam, (that is the hinder hurdies o' an auld ſwine) for ſipper; bat [illegible] well enough that I wis never very brou[illegible] fleſh, for my mither gae me a [illegible] 'at maiſt hae gi'en me the gulſach; an' I told her I rather hae the leomen of an auld ſhe, or a bit o' a dead nowt. By this time,

it wis time to mak the meel-an-bree, an' deel about the caſtocks; bat diel a word o' that cou'd I hear i' this houſe. Well thinks I, an' this be the gate o't, I'll better gang to my bed as i'm bodden. Fan they ſaw that, they ſent in ſome ſmachry or ither to me, an' a pint of their ſcuds, as ſowr as ony bladoch, or wigg that comes out o' the reem-kirn; far they thou't ony thing might ſair a peer body like me: bat the leave o' the gentles wis drinkin wine a ſouth, tho' I might nae fa that. Bat to mak an end o' a lang ſtory, I made ſhift to mak a ſipper o't, an' gaed to my bed like a guid bairn; an' the neiſt mornin they had me up afore the ſky, an' I believe afore the levrick or yern-bliter began to ſing, an' hurl'd me awa to Portſmouth.

Gin ye like this piece o' my journal, I care nae by to ſen you a weekly journal, in caſe I binna thrang; bat my fingers are ſae davert wi' the cauld, that I canna write langer at this time; bat fan this comes to hand, I hope you'll be ſae kine as let us hear frae you. Adieu dryly, we ſall drink fan we meet.

F I N I S.

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A

SHOP BILL.

TO ilka body be it kend,
Frae John A-groats to the land's end,
That frae this day I do intend,
ſome ſhanks to ſell;
This is my bill, to you I ſend
that it may tell:

That gin you chance for me to ſpeer,
I'll fit you weel wi' doughty geer
That either knabbs or lairds may weer,
and ladies tee,
For ilka ſeaſon i' the year,
as ye ſhall ſee.

An' firſt o' hoſe I hae a fouth,
Some frae the North, ſome frae the South,
An' ſome o' our ain quintry grouth,
baith grae an' ruſſet,
Wi' different clocks; bat yet in truth
we ca' it guſhet.

An' mair attour I'll tell you trow,
That a' the moggans are bra new,
Some worſted are o' different hue,
an' ſome are cotton,
That's ſafter far na' ony woo,
that grows on mutton.

Bat gin ſome lads ſhou'd ſtand in need,
Of ſhanks that are for ſimmer weed,
I'll fit them wi' the beſt o' threed,
or white or brown,
That may well ſair the gentleſt bleed
in a'the town.

The muckleſt man he may be fitted
Wi' hoſe that's either wove or knitted,
An' gin he likes, he's get them litted,
or brown or black;
We'll gar him ſay, he's nae outwitted,
fan he comes back.

The porter, car-man, or ſervant lad,
That ca's the beaſt wi' ſup or gad,
May come to me, fare may be had,
for their nain wear,
The ſtarkeſt hoſe that can be made,
an' yet nae dear.

Far wary-draggle, an' ſharger elf,
I hae the gear upo' my ſkelf,
Will mak them ſoon lay down their pelf,
ſan anes they ſee,
That they wi' eaſe can fit themſelves,
an' deal wi' me.

Frae ladies to a ſervant wench,
I can well fit them every inch,
An' gin they're fley'd that they ſhou'd pinch,
I'll try them on;
Perhaps I may their greening ſtench,
'ere I hae done.

Red, blue an' green, an' likewiſe pearl,
I hae to fit the little girl;
An' ſome for thoſe that tak a tirle
amo' the ſheets,
Wi' mony a bony tirly wirl
about the queets.

The ladies that do tak their pleaſure,
An' wi' true travel win their treaſure,
Gin that they hae ſae muckle leiſure
on me to call,
I'll fit exactly to their meaſure,
baith great an' ſmall.

Beſides I'd hae you underſtand,
That I hae caps upo demand,
An' gloves likewiſe, to hap the hand
of fremt an' ſib.
An' napkins, as guid's in a' the land,
to dight your nib.

Now by my bill you plainly ſee,
That great an' ſma can fitted be:
Come than flock flaught-bred unto me,
an' buy my ſhanks,
You may be ſure that I will gi'
a warld o' thanks.

I likewiſe tell you by this bill,
That I do live upo Tower-hill,
Hard by the houſe o' Robie Mill,
juſt i' the nuik,
Ye canna' miſs't fan 'ere you will,
the ſign's a buik.

O ſi nunc juvenes et puellae
Wou'd flock in, like *micantes ſtellae,*
Tum mihi ſuavius erit melle,
fan, frae the thrang,
The clink that haps baith back an' belly,
I tell ding dang.

Sed denique, it is uncommon
To ſend a bill that mentions no man,
Ut finem huicce ſtory *ponam*,
ſit notum vobis,
Simmer an' winter, *hoc eſt nomen*,
I mean ROB. FORBES.

A

KEY;

OR

Explanation of the hard Words contained in AJAX's Speech and the Journal:

Alphabetically digeſted.

		P.	L.
	A		
ATRY	Stern, grim	3	8
Arſelins	Backwards	20	7
Allaguſt	Suſpicion	31	18
Anter'd	Saunter'd, hit upon	32	14
Allagrugous	Grim, ghaſtly	33	14
Auld-farren	Sagacious	28	16
	B		
Bourachs	Rings, circles	3	4
Bouden'd	Swell'd		7
Bruilzie	Scuffle, quarrel	10	7
Bicker	Rattle	13	2
Batie	Maſtiff	19	1
Bourd	Meddle, contend		1
Brinns	Rays, beams	24	2
Boukſome graith	Bulky accoutrements	25	11
Beeked	Warm'd	27	11
Ben-inno	Within, beyond		13
Bink	A ſeat of plaiſter		14
Browden'd	Fond, enamour'd	28	13
Blinket	Sowr'd, ſpoil'd	29	4

Bieſt milk	Milk from a new calved cow	29	9
Budge	Stir, move	31	12
Boodies	Ghoſts, Goblins, *etc.*	32	2
Briganers	Robbers, thieves		7
Bachle	Wrench, diſtort		8
Burſen belchs	Breathleſs wretches		23
Bladoch	Butter-milk	35	7

C

Chaft-taak	Talking, prattling	6	3
Crous	Bold, ſtout	7	11
Cuinzie	Coin	17	12
Cappit	Touchy, quarrelſome	19	8
Cair-cleuk	Left hand	24	11
Cleikit	Caught in the fang		12
Coutchack	Cleareſt part of the fire	27	11
Chuller	Double chin	28	6
Confeirin	Conſidering		11
Connach'd a hantle	Spoil'd much		11
Curn air-bear	Parcel of early barley		25
Caſten a lagen-gird	Bore a child	33	11
Camla-like	Sullen, ſurly	34	13
Clamehewit	Stroke, a drubbing		19

D

Dowy	Diſmal	12	11
Dwang'd	Bow'd, decrepid	16	11
Dwame	Qualm, fainting	18	3
Doited	Stupified		6
Dird	Thump, box	20	6
Dacker'd	Engaged, grappled	21	1
Deil-be-licket	Nothing	23	1
Dozn'd	Benumb'd	29	20
Diſty meiller	Made an end of, laſt meal made of the crop	30	4

Ding me yavil	Lay me flat	30	8
Driech	Slow, ſlack	31	22
Dung a-ſmaſh	Beat to powder	32	6
Davert	Cold, benumb'd		11
Dwinin	Lingering illneſs		20
Droukit	Bebaub'd, beſmear'd	33	8

E

Ewder	Blaze, ſcorching heat	4	12
Ettled at	Aim'd at	7	7
Etion	Kindred, genealogy	9	5
Eident	Buſy, diligent	27	2
Ettercap	Venemous ſpider, a waſp	28	20

F

Fittininment	Concern, footing in	10	3
Flaught-bred	Briſkly, fiercely		8
Farrer ben	Be more favour'd		9
Fud	Tail, back-ſide	11	2
Fey	Doom'd to die	13	8
Ferter-like	Like a little fairy		9
Furhow	Forſake	16	8
Fleg	Fright	18	5
Foal'd	Born	21	12
Fair-fuir-days	Broad-day-light	23	2
Feckleſs	Of no effect, value		6
Farrach	Strength, ſubſtance	24	5
Futtle-haft	Handle of a knife	25	8
Forfoughen	Fatigu'd, toil'd	27	3
Forby me	Beſides me		8
Fang	Slice	28	2
Flay belly-flaught	Skinn'd over head like a hare		8
Feugh	Whif		13
Flinders	In pieces, ſplinters	31	7
Freugh	Frail, brittle		8

Fierdy	Fierce, ſtout	31	10
Forlethie	Surfeit	34	26
Fremt	Not allied by blood		14

G

Gardies	Arms	4	4
Glomin-time	Twilight	6	7
Glaik	Cheat	7	10
Gutcher	Grand-father	8	9
Gnidge	Squeeze, preſs down		12
Gou'd in goupins	Gold in handfuls	15	7
Gnib	Ready, quick		9
Glyde	An old horſe	16	9
Gleg	Bright, ſharp	17	6
Glourin	Staring	19	4
Gully	Weapon	23	11
Glacked my mitten	Put caſh in my hand, gratified me	27	4
Gaucy	Jolly, plump		9
Gardy-chair	Elbow-chair		12
Gyſard	Harlequin, diſguiſed	28	19
Gillegapous	Half-witted, crack-brain'd	29	14
Galore	Plenty		27
Gruous ghaiſt	A grim, griſly ghoſt	30	25
Gloff'd	Shiver'd		27
Gulſach	Jaundice	34	26
Gyr-carlen	A ſcarecrow	28	24

H

Hanny-grips	Cloſe grapple	5	7
Hurly	Laſt	10	12
Hale-ware	Whole	11	3
Hirplin	Clenching, halting	13	11
Howk'd	Digg'd	15	11
Haw	Pale, wan	18	3

10	Happit	Skreen'd, cover'd	19	6
26	Hudge-mudge	Secretly, underhand	23	10
14	Hudderen	Hideous, ugly	29	18
	Hallen-ſhaker	Sturdy-beggar	30	24
	Harns	Brains	32	5
4	Haſſick	A great Beſom	33	13
7	Haffats	Chops, cheeks		14
10	Hurdies	Buttocks, hipps	34	3
9	Hanziel-ſlyps	Uncouthly dreſſed, ugly		
12		fellows		5
7				
		J		
9	Jidge	Judge	8	10
6	Jouckry-pauckry	Roguery, tricks	11	7
4	Ingle	A ſtrong fire	27	12
11	Inlakit	Died, breath'd her laſt	33	2
		K		
4				
9	Kneefeſt	Keeneſt, briſkeſt	16	3
12	Knoited	Claſh'd	18	8
19	Kavil	Lot, ſhare	21	2
14	Kebbuck	A big cheeſe	28	2
27	Knaggim	*Gout*, by-taſte	29	7
25	Kreiſh'd his liv	Greas'd his loof, his palm	32	13
27	Klippert	A ſhorn ſheep	33	3
26	Kirnen	Familiarity		20
24				
		L		
	Lift	Firmament	24	10
7	Langel	Entangle	25	3
12	Laggert	Encumber'd	30	21
3	Leethfu'	Lothſome, dirty	32	16
11	Leepit	Meagre, thin		17
11	Luck-minny	Grandam	30	1
3	Lay up my mittens	Beat out my brains		7

Liethry	Croud	34	5
Lowren-fair	A great market in Aberdeenſhire		7
Lat a raught	Aim a ſtroke		18
Leomen	Leg		27
	M		
Maik	Match, equal	4	8
Muckle virr	Great force	5	3
Maughts	Might, ſtrength		12
Menſleſs	Greedy, covetous	7	8
Man	Muſt	14	3
Menzie	Croud, throng	17	10
Maughtleſs	Weak, ſickly	22	10
Mergh	Marrow	24	7
Maun	Bread baſket	28	3
Mows	Sport, jeſt	30	20
Miſhanter	Diſaſter	31	18
Mirky as maukin	Merry as a hare	33	17
Miſgrugled	Rumpled, handled roughly		26
Miſmaggled	Spoil'd, put awry		26
Meel-an-bree	*vulgo*, Broſe	35	1
	N		
Neef	Difficulty, doubt	7	6
Nidder'd	Plagu'd, warmly handled	10	2
Neipers	Neighbours	18	1
Nevel	A box, blow with the fiſt	21	4
Newmoſt	Nethermoſt, beneath	29	18
Norlick	A lump, ſwelling		24
	O		
Oye	Grand-child	9	4
Ogertfu'	Nice, ſqueamiſh	29	11
Oner	Under	28	3

P

Protícks	Warlike deeds, Atchievments	6	5
Phizz	Image, the *Palladium*	22	11
Propine	Gift, prefent	23	5
Prigg	Importune, ſue for	25	2
Pallach	Fat and ſhort, like a porpoiſe	28	6
Peltry	Vile traſh	29	5
Peat-mow	Peat-droſs, duſt	29	16
Peching	Puffing, breathing hard	31	26
Pingle	Difficulty, hardly		26

Q

Quinzie	Corner	28	3
Queets	Ancles	32	7

R

Rangel	Croud, *omne-gathrum*	3	3
Routh	Plenty, wealth	7	9
Ruicks	Crows	28	25
Reimis	Rumble, roar	29	23
Rantle-tree	End of a rafter or beam	30	18
Riach pladie	Dun ill-coloured plaid	34	3

S

Shught	Sunk, covered	3	5
Staik	Stake, prize	4	6
Sleeth	Sloven		7
Scowder	Set on fire		10
Slocken'd	Quench'd	5	2
Swirl'd	Sail'd	8	8
Scouth	Room	9	9
Swidders	Doubt, hefitation		10

Skirle	Howl, ſhreik	12	1
Stewgs	Ruſty darts	13	
Sakeleſs	Helpleſs, forſaken	15	
Snell	Bitter, ſharp	17	
Snibb	Chaſtiſed, frighted		
Smeerleſs	Senſeleſs, thoughtleſs	18	11
Souple	Supple, agile	19	12
Spang	Spring		12
Shak a fa'	Wreſtle, grapple	20	12
Swack	Nimble	27	10
Setterel	Thick-ſet, dwarfiſh	28	5
Swown	Swell'd		5
Smore	Smother, choak		14
Scunner	Loathing, ſurfeit	29	10
Shirrels	Turf		16
Sturdy	Giddy, affected with a vertigo	30	1
Stirkie	Young ſteer or quey		2
Staver'd	Stagger'd		2
Sough	Sound	31	4
Speen-drift	Driving ſnow		15
Stilp	Stalk, walk	32	7
Sheet ſtyth	Shot ſtark dead		19
Spraing'd faikie	Old tartan plaid	34	2
Smachry	Traſh	35	5

T

Tedder'd	Anchor'd	4	2
Threeps	Allegations, falſhoods	5	9
Toulzies	Battles, engagements	6	2
Thirle	Thrill, pierce	12	12
Thol'd	Suffer'd, endur'd	21	10
Tyke	Dog	25	1
Thudd	Stroke, box	31	4
Tulchin	Budget	28	9

Tinſel	Loſs	28	20
Tawin	Wreſtling, tumbling	29	27
Tyddie	Plump, freſh	30	11
Trachel'd	Fatigued	30	21
Tarveal	Ill-natured, fretful	31	2
	V		
Vouſt	Brag, vaunt	7	5
	W		
Weir	War	11	1
Weerded	Determined, foretold	14	1
Wamble	Tumble	20	8
Wimples	Cunning, wiles	24	3
Wizend	Wither'd, dry	28	18
Wizen	Throat	29	7
Wauch wa-gang	A very diſagreeable by-taſte		8
Warſh ſtamack'd	Tender or watry ſtomached		9
Winfreed	Raiſed from the ground	31	1
Widderſins	Backwards, contrary to the courſe of the Sun		9
Widden-dream	All of a ſudden, with a vengeance	31	11
Whoſſin	Blowing, breathing hard	32	24
Weaven	Moment	33	1
Wytenon-fa	Trembling, chattering		2
Witters	Throats, faln-foul of one another	34	11
	Y		
Yerded	Buried	15	12
Yerd	Earth	20	8
Yark	Strike, whip	31	3
Yerd meel	Earth-mould, church-yard-duſt	33	10
Yern-blitter	A bird called a Snipe	35	15

THE END.